

LAURA KEENE'S DREAM.

A Vision in Slumber That Was Turned into a Reality.

Stuart Robson used to tell a strange story of Laura Keene, with whom he played in the sixties in the last century. "The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to upset her for a week," he said. "On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene of it was when she was sitting at a table preparatory to writing a letter. I, as her servant, stood at the back of a chair. 'Take your right hand off that chair,' she whispered. The stage dialogue proceeded. 'You are sure you can find Don Rafael at his lodgings?' 'Yes, madam,' his servant tells me his words will confine him to his bed for a week." "Is this the only paper that we have? Where is the ink? Here, madam." And I bent forward to place the ink within her reach, when, in my confusion at her reproach, the vessel was upset and its contents trickled on to the lap of her satin dress. The ink was blood red. I shall never forget the ghastly look that overspread her face, and I was so frightened that I never knew how the scene ended.

"The next morning at rehearsal she told me I was doomed to ill luck for the remainder of my days." She called the company together and gave them a detailed description of the 'awful scene' the night before occasioned by the young man who would never make an actor. She told of a terrible dream she had had in which some great person had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted rescue without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet, and how his blood slowly oozed into her lap. It was two years after this that Miss Keene was playing at Ford's theater, Washington, on the occasion when Abraham Lincoln was shot. Miss Keene was the only person who seemed to realize the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of the dying man was in her lap, while the scene of her dream was being pitifully enacted."—Argonaut.

THE TOO EARLY BIRD.

A Social Nuisance For Whom There Is No Excuse.

The too early birds are a source of trouble and inconvenience to the entire neighborhood.

Invite the too early birds to a dinner, and they arrive an hour before the time.

Your too early bird touches have to be delegated to that amiable soul who sprouts a smile every of entertaining the too early birds. You had intended to make a list of carnations with which to decorate the table, but the too early bird had already remembered that Miss Jones had a quiet fancy for Mr. Smith; that Mr. Smith reciprocated.

Mr. Smith will have to wonder, and Miss Jones will have to summon up her presence of mind and conceal her disappointment. The too early birds must be greeted as though you were glad to see them and appreciated their apparent impatience to have the fun begin.

You really would like to give your hair another touch, but not so. Your guests await you.

The too early birds haunt the railway stations hours before the train leaves and start off on the journey jaded and out of sorts.

If the too early birds are ever amiable it is at such a "previous" hour that the rest of mankind is elsewhere, and the fact is not generally appreciated.

If there is one class of humanity more exasperating than the too early birds I have yet to meet them. The man who is too late may entail inconvenience, but at least you have the satisfaction of noting his discomfiture at missing the train through his own act.

The too early birds are an affliction, and they carry with them no compensating reflection whatever.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Easter in Russia.

Easter in Russia is the greatest festival of the year. Russian Christmas presents are as nothing compared to those given at Easter. Eggs are of course the principal feature, and not till one has seen the Easter bazaar in the Gostinnoi Dvor and the shops on the Nevsky Prospect is it easy to imagine the beauty and daintiness of Easter productions. Fortunes in trinkets, lace and jewels are spent on the contents of the eggs.

A very pretty egg is made of pink-veined marble rimmed with gold. Small ivory eggs filled with silver rose petals make a lovely offering for the church woman, and for the housewife a little rush basket of fresh eggs is wonderfully attractive.

Voracious Monster.

The most voracious of all marine beasts of prey is the orca or killer whale. It reaches a length of twenty-five feet, and its jaws bristle with teeth from four to six inches long and as sharp as a dirk knife. Its digestive power is proportioned to the tremendous efficacy of its jaws. It seems also to be an atrocious glutton, as one specimen examined contained in its stomach thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals.

His Reason.

"What reason have you for thinking that the defendant was intoxicated?" "Well, your honor, when his wife called me over I found him in the cellar cutting kindling wood with the lawn mower."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The architect cannot live by the instruction to make no plans for the future.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sweeping is seldom a convincing argument except to the man who does it.

A Test of Refinement.

The truest test of refinement is a uniform regard for the welfare and interests and feelings of others. There is a refinement which is by education, but in each case the sure indications of refinement are the same. You can recognize the difference between those who have and those who lack refinement by their bearing in a crowd. Indeed this difference is easier perceived in a street car or in a market or in a thronged highway than in a drawing room. A person of true refinement takes up the less room and claims the less concession and is ready to yield position than an unrefined person. The way in which a man carries a cane or umbrella in a crowd settles the question in his case. And again the keeping of one's market basket in the way, or out of it, as at the busiest market hour, is an infallible test of the bearer's inner grain. And so in many other minor matters.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Silk Culture in Italy.

About 500 A. D. Persian monks first brought silkworm eggs concealed in the head of a hollow staff to Constantinople. Thence silk culture spread into Greece. A little later conquest carried it to Sicily. From there to Italy it was but a step. Soil, climate, people suited it. The industry took root, grew, thrived and continues to this day. The thrifty peasant manages to get silk and oil and wine from the same small holding. First he plants his mulberry trees, sixteen feet each way; next he prunes the heads into a hollow cup and trains his vines all over them, and finally around the edge he sets a shelter of olive trees. So all seasons bring him labor and the reward of it.

Forgotten, but Not Lost.

"My dear," said Mr. Pennybun, venturing to put in a word as she paused for breath, "may I ask what you are scolding about?"

"I can't remember it just now," replied his irate spouse. "You've driven it out of my head. But if I hadn't a good reason for it do you suppose I'd be as mad as I am?"

And she broke loose again.—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Difference.

"De difference between de man dat's fingerin' on perpetual motion," said Uncle Eben, "an' de man dat's workin' a system to beat de races is dat de perpetual motion man didn't hab no money in de fus' place."—Washington Star.

Between the party of the first part and the party of the second part there's many a sorrow sanctioned by law.—Schoolmaster.

Musical Instruction.

Mrs. Bennett-Francis. For terms and further particulars call at or address 1 Race Street, Bloomfield, N. J.—Adm.

Carpet Cleaning.

Now is the time to clean carpets. If you want your carpets taken up, cleaned and re-laid, send word to D. Douglas, No. 9 Park street, Montclair. Mr. Douglas has had years of experience in carpet cleaning, and has a large patronage in this town, Glen Ridge and Montclair. Those intending to move can have their carpets taken up, cleaned and re-laid on short notice. The work will be well and promptly done.—Adm.

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(CHANDLER & A. 151.)
SHERIFF'S SALE. In County of New Jersey. Between George E. Jacobus, complainant, and Benjamin N. David and others, defendants. F. O. for sale of mortgaged premises.
By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the fourth day of August next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning in the centre line of Broad Street at the southeast corner of land of S. J. Deid; thence (1) along said land north seventy-two degrees and fifteen minutes, west fifteen hundred and eighty-six feet and seven inches to the easterly side of Ridgewood Avenue; thence (2) along said side of Ridgewood Avenue south twenty-four degrees and fifty-four minutes west three hundred and eighty-seven feet and five inches to land of John H. Lockwood; thence (3) along said land south seventy-two degrees and fifteen minutes east fifteen hundred and forty-five feet and one inch to the centre of Broad Street; thence (4) along said centre of Broad Street north thirty degrees and fifty-five minutes east three hundred and ninety-six feet to the place of beginning.
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God's greatest gift to man was the laugh. Without it the human race would have vept itself to death or exterminated itself long ago. Pathos is beautiful; tragedy is absorbing. But both pathos and tragedy are instantly routed by the laugh.

Laughter has sunshine in it. It is warm. Learned men have searched for the secret of life. What is it but good humor? That's the secret of life being worth living.

What sunshine is to earth good humor is to man. Take the smile and the laugh away, and it would be the end of man.

Men can't fight while they enjoy a joke. Death himself recoils from the laugh. The man in a good humor has an enormous advantage over the man who is angry. Anger is dark. Bitterness is filled with shadow. Intolerance is grim and black. Prejudice is blind.

Good humor, with the smile and the laugh, is sunshine in which objects are plain and distortion disappears and wherein phantoms become nothing.

One reason for America's greatness is that, above all, it is a nation that laughs. There have been gay peoples and frivolous nations, but gaiety and frivolity are strangely akin to melancholy. That gay Germany whose national happiness is expressed in song is clouded by melancholy. Sadness pervades the temperament of Germany.

And frivolous France—how tragic she becomes—how desperately tragic!

The great American laugh is another thing. Investigate the American national laugh, and there's a sound, practical something behind it. It is never a forced laugh. It is healthy, vigorous, spontaneous.

Empires and powers have crumbled and gone to pieces in solemn seriousness and gloomy grandeur, while Uncle Sam, with a joke on his lips, forges ahead.—Denver Post.

A COMMON CUSTOM.

Man's Habit of Running His Fingers Through His Hair.

"Why does a man always run his hand through his hair when he takes his hat off?" asked an observant man. "Did you ever notice that man will invariably do this very thing? Is it just a nervous habit? Is it vanity? It is an old habit. I have never known a man who did not indulge this habit. Even men who have no hair to run their fingers through, men whose heads are as bald as billiard balls, will brush their hands over their heads when they lift their hats. If the men simply wanted to smooth their tousled hair, of course this would afford ample explanation of the habit. But why should a man who has no hair on his head do the same thing? It is not a sufficient answer to say that such a man may have had a full suit of hair at one time and that it is simply a matter of habit contracted under different conditions. As a rule, men are unconscious of the fact. They do not know why, how or when they run their hands over their heads. But they all do it just the same. Go into a court room or at any place where men congregate and where it is necessary for them to remove their hats and watch them. You will observe that every man will go through the same performance. It seems to be a perfectly natural thing for them to do. My own conclusion is that it is an evidence of vanity. A man wants his hair to be just so. Originally probably it was simply a matter of tidiness. But it has grown into an act of vanity. The lawyer, for instance, if he has enough hair for the purpose, will want his head to have a tousled appearance. It gives him a studious appearance and leaves the impression that he has been struggling with the books. Whatever the reason, the habit is a curious one and one which seems to be deep rooted in the masculine nature."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Handel as a Child.

George Frederick Handel, the son of a Saxon barber and valet, was only five years old when his "fingers wooed divine melodies" from the spinet, which a good natured aunt had engaged for him into an attic, so that no sound of it might reach the ears of his father. At eight his playing so astonished the elector of Saxony that his father was compelled to withdraw the boy to have fair play. And before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Handel was known throughout Germany as a brilliant composer and virtuoso at the court of the emperor.

When Boys Wear Wigs.

A century and a half ago wig wearing was at its height, and little boys four or five years of age submitted to having their heads shaved preparatory to donning their false head-dresses. A Leyden professor—Rivers by name—shocked all churches by declaring that a Christian must necessarily wear a wig or be eternally lost. On the other hand, Dr. Thiers, a celebrated Catholic, assailed the wig wearing priests in a good sized volume.

Cranks!

Judge—Let us get this thing right. You say this man whom we are examining is not insane and yet he is not in his right mind. How is that?

Witness—Lot of people, your honor, who are not insane are wrong minded about everything.—Chicago Tribune.

An Aid to Memory.

Slopay—And, doctor, if you will, wish you would give me something to help my memory. I forget so easily.

Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a bill every month.—Baltimore American.

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